

BRITISH FORTITUDE,

(AND)

HIBERNIAN FRIENDSHIP;

OR

*An Escape from France.*

*A Musical Drama*

*In one Act.*

*by J. C. Cross. K*

*As Performed with universal applause at  
the Theatre Royal Covent Garden.*



LONDON,

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TO THOMAS BIRCH, Esq.

OF

GORTON BROOK.

NEAR

MANCHESTER.

THIS TRIFLE IS DEDICATED

AS A SMALL MARK OF

THE FRIENDSHIP AND ESTEEM

OF

HIS VERY HUMBLE SERVANT.

J. C. CROSS.

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TO THE HONORABLE SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES

IN SENATE, FEBRUARY 1, 1866.

REPORT OF THE

COMMISSIONERS OF THE LAND OFFICE

FOR THE YEAR 1865.

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1866.

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TO THE READER.

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The following trifle was originally written to eke out the Entertainments on Mr. JOHNSTONE's Benefit Night—the flattering reception it met with on that Evening, occasioned a frequent repetition, to which the Author confesses himself, entirely indebted to the exertions of the Performers—the songs introduced by Mr. JOHNSTONE, are the production of Gentlemen well known in the literary world, and had been sung by him with universal approbation, previous to their introduction in British Fortitude, &c. With all its faults 'tis committed to the Press, under the idea so mere a trifle needs no farther apology

From the Public's

*Theatre Royal,*      very humble Servant,

*Covent Garden.*

THE AUTHOR.

*DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.*

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|                   |   |   |   |                |
|-------------------|---|---|---|----------------|
| Capt. O'Leary     | - | - | - | Mr. Johnstone. |
| Edward            | - | - | - | Mr. Incledon.  |
| French Commandant | - | - |   | Mr. Claremont. |
| Patrick           | - | - | - | Mr. Rock,      |
| Goaler            | - | - | - | Mr. Blurton.   |
| Joey              | - | - | - | Mr. Munden.    |
| Sedgely           | - | - | - | Mr. Hull.      |
| Sailor            | - | - | - | Mr. Wilde.     |
| Annette           | - | - | - | Miss Poole.    |

BRI-

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BRITISH FORTITUDE,

AND

HIBERNIAN FRIENDSHIP;

OR

AN ESCAPE FROM FRANCE.

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SCENE.

*The Inside of a Cottage.*

*Enter SEDGELY and ANNETTE.*

SEDGELY.

COME, come, don't take it so to heart Annette?

ANNETTE.

I can't help it Father, indeed; besides who knows the danger we're exposed to! the discovering an English Officer conceal'd by us, may work our ruin—but distress pleaded so powerfully—

SEDGELY.

Love, Child, pleaded as powerfully—long separated from your Edward, absence had nearly extinguished the mutual passion, this unexpected meeting so forcibly reviv'd.

A 2

ANNETTE

BRITISH FORTITUDE,

ANNETTE,

I confess Father, I do love him, love him dearly!

SEDGELY.

The examination I have undergone—his being convey'd close prisoner to the old moated castle—the idea its Commandant entertains of his designs and the monster's sanguinary disposition, afford us but a dreadful prospect.

ANNETTE.

I never shall forget the day our humble cot receiv'd him! Shipwreck'd — wounded — and in want! an enemy's country offer'd no asylum but the grave!—but your humanity—

SEDGELY.

My duty, Child, he was my countryman, and my heart warm'd to him—Heaven forbid a Briton's door should e'er be barr'd against a fellow creature, whose only crime's misfortune!

ANNETTE.

Oh, Father! here's Joey return'd!

*Enter.*

*Enter JOEY with Basket.*

JOEY.

Yes Measter, here be I—after making a dear purchase of a little belly timber, that a man may build his hopes on for a few meals or so.

ANNETTE.

Well, and what news bring you?

JOEY.

None at all, I wur too busy about my own *concerns* to think of other people's, besides, if one troubles one's head too much that way, it often causes a pain in the throat, on its separation from the only soil it takes too kindly, but I'll away and chear Measter Edward a bit—I found out his Irish Friend, with much a to do and no little hazard; deliver'd his message and should ha' brought back an answer, but that he said, he'd come and give an *affarmative* in *Dramatis Personæ* his own self.

ANNETTE.

Oh Joey! the Commandant has discover'd Edward!—he's a prisoner!

JOEY.

Eh! what? a prisoner! then it be high time we make the most of a march while we're free to do so—a long flight's better than flapping away our  
feathers

feathers in yon cage 'till strength's too far spent  
for a body to take wing again.

SEDGELY.

True, boy ; our hemisphere of hope's now clouded—the intelligence Edward communicated of a relative's bequething us an ample fortune ; presented the pleasing thought of once more seeing my native land ! cruel creditors ! why did ye drive me from it ? the dread of confinement there, compell'd me to live in daily alarm, here ; but means obtain'd to visit it again, I'd rather die than quit England ! the parent of a happy race ! where, though a few flinty hearts are steel'd by avarice, the major part expand, and like pliant wax receive the Heaven-born impression of beneficence.

JOEY.

Aye, Sir, I wur born at a bean-feast myself—cod ! I should like to cross the water once more that way, if it wur only to cross over and figure in with a few jollification jockeys of my own kidney !

SEDGELY.

'Tis nearly our Septennial residence here—my knowledge of their language, and accordance with their manners, make us pass for natives, poverty and humility have hitherto shielded us from suspicion—but—

ANNETTE .

ANNETTE.

Would to Heaven, Father, we could procure  
Edward's release and were away !

JOEY.

Cod ! I loves un well enough to try—I be main  
welcome 'mong the Commandant's *farvents*, tells  
'em merry stories 'till they're all tory rory and  
frolicksome again ! —cod ! —mayhap —eh ! —who  
knows ? —'tis but trying—

SEDGELY.

Ridiculous ! there's madnefs in the experiment !  
—I dread the very thoughts on't !

JOEY.

Well, madnefs ( as the mon in the play fays )  
fometimes has method in't — as for dreading —  
Fear be a scarce commodity where I wur born—  
come, let's try howsomedever—I've been a cute  
fellow in my time—prentic'd playactor—journey-  
man gentleman and your humble *farvent*, but I'll  
tell you how the Shew Folk farv'd I.

## COMIC BALLAD.

I was call'd knowing Joe by the boys of our town,  
Old dad taught me wisely to know folk ;  
Cod ! I was so sharp, when they laughing came down  
I ax't " How do'st do ? " to the Shew-Folk :

B

I could

I could chaunt a good stave, that I know'd very well,  
 No boy of my age could talk louder !  
 Crack a joke, tip the wink, or a droll story tell ;  
 Of my cleverness, too, none were prouder :  
 So, thinks I, it's better nor following plough,  
 To try with these youths, to queer low folk ;  
 Their measter I met, so, I made my best bow,  
 How do ye do, Sir ? says I,—I'ze a mighty notion  
 of turning actor man—I be main lissome—boxes  
 and wrestles vary pratty—dances a good jig—and  
 can play—the vary divel ! (*Spoken.*)

Ax'd a pleece, and so join'd with the Shew-Folk.

## II.

The pleece that I'd got, I detarmin'd to keep,  
 But, odzookers ! they were all so drollish !  
 Kings, coblers, and taylors ! a prince or a sweep !  
 And jaaw'd so at I, I look'd foolish !  
 Their daggers and swords, cod ! they handled so cute,  
 And their leadies were all so bewitching !  
 When I thought to be droll, I was always struck mute,  
 As the bacon rack hangs in our kitchen :  
 They ax'd me to say, how, ' the coach was at door,'  
 When were seated above and below folk !  
 Feggs ! I was so theamfac'd, I flopp'd on the floor !  
 A kind

A kind of a sort of giddinefs, feiz'd me all over!—  
the candle's daunc'd the hays!—'twere as dim-  
mish as a Scotch mist!—I dropt down dead as a  
shot! (*Spoken.*)

And fwounded away 'mong the Shew-Folk.

### III.

They laugh'd so, and jeer'd me, as never wur seen!  
All manner of fancies were playing;  
One night I was sent for to wait on a queen,  
I believes it were Queen Hamlet of Dunkirk!  
(*Spoken.*)

(Not thinking the plan they were laying!)

My leady she died on a chair next her spoufe,  
While with pins me behind they were pricking!  
All at once I scream'd out! lent her grace such a douse!  
That alive she was soon—aye, and—kicking!  
The people all laugh'd at, and hooted poor I,  
And the comical dogs did me so joke!  
That I made but one step, without bidding good bye,  
From their steage; cod! I never so much as once  
looked behind me!—tumbled over a barrel of  
thunder—knock'd down a hail-florm—roll'd over  
the sea,—darted like lightning through the in-  
farnal regions. (*Spoken.*)

And, so, took my leave of the Shew-Folk.

SEDGELY and JOEY *Exeunt.*

B 2

*Manet*

*Manet* ANNETTE.

ANNETTE.

Poor Father! melancholy was the moment you first landed here! but sunk from affluence to penury! the frowns of former equals wounded susceptibility too deeply!—yet I ne'er repined—ah! why did unkindness expel us our home? I there was happy, and often, before my Edward went to sea, cheer'd him with a self-penn'd, simple ditty on our unalterable affection.

AIR.

At dawn of life our vows were plighted,  
And two fond hearts in one united,  
Shall Time then bid affection fly?  
Ah no, no, no, Love ne'er shall die.

When absent, o'er rude billows rolling,  
His conscious truth my mind consoling,  
Would banish doubt—the heaving sigh,  
Said, no, no, no, Love ne'er can die.

*Exit.*

S C E N E.

*A View of the Sea.**Enter* CAPT. O'LEARY,

O'LEARY.

All Liberty and no property's the cry here, I  
find, and if it was'nt I was afraid they'd make free  
with

with mine, it would just suit me; for I generally have much more of the former than the latter— Oh! they may talk what they please but little Ireland's the only free country after all, for there if you don't like the cut of a gentleman's face, you've always liberty to fight him, and can any loyal subject wish for more? Hollo Patrick! what is the meaning that I never fail to find him out of the way, I must be after keeping him close behind me, that I may'nt lose sight of him any more—Oounds! Sirrah! what have you been about?

*Enter PATRICK with a Portmanteau.*

PATRICK.

Please your honour, as I was taking the things out of the boat, a Liberty boy made free with your hat.—Case so, I thought I might as well just step after him, to see what he was going to do with it, but as one single misfortune never comes alone, by my soul I believe I kept following him the way he did'nt go, and that was the reason I never overtook him at all, at all. There were two or three good-natured folks, who might have told me, if I dared axe, what I wanted to know, but they spake with such a confounded brogue, that, the divel burn me, if, I could understand a word.

O'LEARY.

Hold your foolish prating and bring along the  
portmanteau;

portmanteau ; what's the name of the place we're to go to ? for I forgot to remember it,

PATRICK.

Had'nt you better con over the message from your friend Edward by way of information ?

O'LEARY.

Fait ! I've forgot that too—

PATRICK.

Well I hope none of the Sans Cutlets, will—

O'LEARY.

The what ?

PATRICK.

Sans Cutlets.

O'LEARY.

Oh Sans Culottes. Fait ! I hope none of 'em will find us out here, how the divel my friend did is amazing ! we have blunder'd on tolerable well among 'em hitherto—becafe I “ parley vous” so prettily—but if *you* want security for their not finding you out a foreigner by your tongue, keep it close shut up between your teeth, by way of caution.

PATRICK.

Confound that same caution—a man must be in a bad way when he's struck speechless all of a sudden by it ! Och ! I wish I was at home again !—

O'LEARY.

O'LEARY.

Silence, Sirrah, and let me ponder over the first page of my friend's message—(*Considering*)—He's wounded—and shipwreck'd—on dry land—and recover'd—and wants my aid to get home—fait! I want somebody's aid my ownself—the spot he pointed out seems to describe itself somewhere hereabouts, so let's in search of him—Oh Friendship! I love the soft glow of it dearly! 'tis a dram of delight in a cold frosty morning, that makes a man's heart dance again!

PATRICK.

And isn't a little dram of love as relishing your honour?

O'LEARY.

Fait, and so it is; and a dram I scruple we sometimes pay too dear for! however give me the dram and the scruple may go to the devil.

PATRICK.

In love your honour, an Irishman's always the clean dandy.

O'LEARY.

You may say that, Pat.

SONG.

## SONG:

*Written by Mr. MERRY.*

The turban'd Turk, who scorns the world,  
 May strut about with his whiskers curl'd,  
 Keep a hundred wives under lock and key,  
 For nobody else but himself to see,  
 Yet long may he pray with his Alcoran  
 Before he can love like an Irishman.  
 Like an Irishman, &c. (*Pat. joins.*)

## II.

The gay Monsieur from Gallia's shore  
 The solemn Don and the soft Signor,  
 The Dutch Mynheer so full of pride,  
 The Russian, Prussian, Swede, beside,  
 They all may do whatever they can,  
 Before they can love like an Irishman.  
 Like an Irishman, &c. (*Pat. joins,*)

## III.

The finikin fops themselves beguile,  
 And think they please in a capital stile,  
 Yet let them ask as they roll the street,  
 Of any young virgin they happen'd to meet  
 And I know she'll say from behind her fan,  
 That there's none can love like an Irishman,  
 Like an Irishman, &c. (*Pat, joins.*)

*Ex eunt*

SCENE.

## S C E N E.

*The-Inside of a Prison-**Enter EDWARD from an interior part.*

EDWARD.

How cruel is my fate ! wreck'd on this inhospitable shore, to meet the long-lost object of my affection ! be indebted to those I rever'd for life ! be the harbinger of happy tidings, and on the point of procuring means to convey us to England's protecting shore, when imprisonment presents — I know not what—but dread the worst !

*Enter GOALER introducing FRENCH  
COMMANDANT.*

GOALER.

The Commandant would speak with you.

*Exit.*

COMMANDANT,

Englishman, I learn, Fate and your country have treated you unkindly ; though chance has placed you in our power, a willingness to make misfortune light shall ward against complaint, I'd offer terms on which you may be free.

EDWARD.

Let them be honest then, for know I'd sooner

C

suffer

suffer all ingenuous cruelty can devise, than a Briton's characteristic, Rectitude, should be degraded.

COMMANDANT.

Not only liberty I offer you, but wealth—while as a spy (a title your concealment warrants the application of) your life is in my power, yet would I serve you.

EDWARD.

The epithet you allude to I despise, your wish to serve i'd learn more of 'ere I reply to

COMMANDANT.

Then to the point, as a seaman, and apparently intelligent, your knowledge of the British coast, may render our long projected enterprize successful, I'd wish to evince my service to my country—yours has deserted—left you the sullen solace of a prison for your past services—enlist under our banners, and—

EDWARD.

Hold, I'd wish to serve *my* country, nor could a proffer'd world induce me to betray it—give chains—give torture—give me death—I'll never die a villain !

COMMANDANT.

COMMANDANT.

Then death be your reward—the tribunal's awful appearance—think 'ere it is too late.

EDWARD.

I've said it and despise your threats.

COMMANDANT.

The wretches, I suspect secreted you shall fall—justice shall soon o'ertake them—I give you an hour's reflection, during which period, no one has egress to your cell,—think on my proffer'd friendship, serve our cause or prepare to meet approaching dissolution. *Exit.*

EDWARD.

Then let it come!—I can't brave death in a more glorious cause—England! prove false to thee! no, never, :—yet my dear Annette! must she too suffer—must her generous fire?—I trust my kind friend O'Leary will leave *me* to my fate, and make them his only care—but my reliance is in Providence—Hope should never die!

AIR.

When foaming waves contrary beat,  
And tempests tear the main-top sheet,  
And mistlike in destructive clouds  
The whirlwind whistles through the shrouds,

C 2

Loud

Loud thunders roll, blue lightnings flash,  
 And o'er the deck rude billows dash,  
 The tar with danger still can cope,  
 The charm that cheers his bosom's hope.

## II.

The vessel now become a wreck,  
 We safety in our long-boat seek,  
 And painful by the dashing oar,  
 Far, far, alas! from friends or shore!  
 Provision gone, the fainting crew  
 Vain would their irksome toil renew,  
 But form'd with Fortune's frowns to cope  
 Their last surviving charm is Hope.

*Retires,*

## S C E N E.

*A Distant View of the Castle.*

*Enter JOEY with large key.*

JOEY.

'Cod! all's right—I've manag'd matters rarely with the old muzzy Goaler—I've handled the key that confines Measter Edward! and now if I can but quietly saw the boat-chain in two, and put off to 'un, he wed'nt alarm himself much about paying too dear for his lodging, but I mun be sharp about

about it, or, feggs! we all go pot for *fartin*—  
Wounds! who's here? Oh, the Irish Ge'mm'an.

*Enter* CAPT. O'LEARY

O'LEARY.

Oh! by the powers! but this is a pretty spot of work!—why didn't they walk me across the water a little faster? poor Edward! in prison! och honey! what will I do to work him out again!

JOEY.

Hush, Sir, don't ye talk so fast?—I'll tell ye what ye mun do—

O'LEARY.

Don't tell me, — I'll destroy the whole tote of every thing, I'll burn every stone step of the ould castle to charcoal if I don't make him see day-light out of that dark hole in half a minute—

JOEY.

Hush, I tell ye, I be your mon,—meet me at the moat's side well arm'd bye and bye a few minutes hence, and if I don't contrive to shake Master Edward by the fist, say I'm no cuterer than I ought to be that's all.

O'LEARY.

O'LEARY.

By my foul, well said little one, you're a mighty great creature in this business!

JOEY.

No, I only does as I'd be done bye, for an I were to dungeon it yonder, I'd thank any friend of mine to give me an airing as soon as possible, faith! if friendship can't add to a body's *good will* a *little endeavour*, I wouldn't give a snap of the finger for a whole cartload of its professors.

*Exit.*

O'LEARY.

Well, Captain O'Leary, what do you think of yourself now! you must come upon your travelling capers, an be hang'd to ye—getting to nobody knows where, and returning back, bundle bag and baggage, into an enemy's quarters, the devil knows how! But how finely fortune, after a frown, smiles upon her favourites! I just now met an ould school-fellow, who has a vessel at anchor hard bye, flying under American colours, ready to take us all right and tight home again—Oh! let me but get on *board*, so as to take up my *lodging* once more in the Strand, and if I don't pay away for the honor of the fair sex, say my board and lodging costs me nothing, that's all.

SONG

## SONG

To be sure I don't love in my heart now,  
What some people call a good dust ;  
And with life was I sure for to part now,  
As some time or other I must,  
When I see a lady in danger,  
I up to her march with a bow,  
And from her ne'er shrink as a stranger,  
But instantly kick up a row.  
For I welt away, pelt away, whack away  
Leather away all that I can  
Well pleas'd I'm to loose myself still for  
A woman that blessing to man ;  
Give me but a sprig of shillaly  
And may be I'll not show you how,  
Be a puppy's coat ever so mealy,  
To dust when I kick up a row.

## II.

One night as I walk'd down the Strand, I  
Saw ladies by ruffians abus'd,  
So says I to be sure I can't stand bye,  
And see the sweet creatures misus'd ;  
So that which Ma'am Justice should settle,  
Had she been awake you'll allow,  
I being of true Irish mettle,  
Compounded by making a row.  
For I welt away, &c.

## III.

As for fighting I don't say I love it,  
 For sometimes it proves a bad job ;  
 And what more now pray would you have of it,  
 I got a snug gash on my knob :  
 But where I see ladies ill treating,  
 My country I'll strait disavow,  
 If I don't give the thieves such a beating,  
 And always I'll keep up a row.  
 For I'll pelt away, &c.

*Exit.*

## SCENE CHANGES.

*Enter JOEY with a Boat-Hook, meeting PAT.*

JOEY.

Hark ye, I say, Comrade, where be his honour ?  
 run and tell him not to forget the moat-side you  
 know.

PATRICK.

Forget it! why don't you see he's here! oh no—  
 it's ould Mounseer, the other Gentleman!

*Enter SEDGELY.*

SEDGELY.

So you think, Joey, the weak situation of the  
 old fortress that confines him—and the little mili-  
 tary

tary aid this solitary spot affords, warrant the prospect of our friend's escape?

JOEY.

Cod! Measter! I never reckon chickens afore they're hatch'd, but an there's no cackling among the brood within, to warn 'em of robbing their henroost, I think, like true hearty cocks, we shall soon be able to crow, in safety.

*Exit.*

*Enter O'LEARY and ANNETTE.*

O'LEARY.

Och! don't make yourself uneasy Miss—Excuse me, for I'm as talkative as a woman on such a subject—my tongue runs as glib as an oil-flask and fast as a mill-dam, whenever I've to condole with beauty, or make the misfortunes of a friend more palatable—by my honour Miss, I—

PATRICK.

Fait, Ma'am, and you may believe him, for he pays as much attention to his honor as his word!

O'LEARY.

To be sure; a soldier's word's his bond, and death must destroy the parchment, before falsehood can tear off the seal to it—I love to assist an affectionate lady, because I've often been in love my own self.

D

ANNETTE.

ANNETTE.

Sure then, absence can't have made you false-hearted—the wars perhaps—

O'LEARY.

The wars! Fait! they made me true-hearted! I was'nt certain I had any heart at all, 'till they put it to the proof—parting almost broke it to pieces, and I should have been made quite a bankrupt here, (*striking his bosom*) if courage had'nt thrown in supplies to set me up again. Fait! love and honor had a terrible tussel, to try who was strongest—they quarrell'd so long, that they shortly agreed, that when a man loses his honor with a woman, love must be totally out of the question.

SEDGELY.

Dear Sir, a man like you, governed by the feelings of friendship, honor, and liberality, may court prosperity with pleasure, and look unblushingly to Providence for success.

Exit. SEDGELY and ANNETTE.

O'LEARY.

Pooh! be easy, my good ould gentleman—I'll make you both happy if I can—Pat, it's now high time for our enterprize—Get all ready in preparation—then cock your bull-dogs, and resarve your  
first

first fire for a noble occasion, the delivering a friend and fellow creature from the gripe of adversity.

*Exeunt.*

### SCENE.

*A view of the back part of the Castle, moated as if by Nature, on each side a small turret, which commands the moat—In the centre a large grated door, leading to Edward's dungeon, a small flight of steps from the door, to the water's edge, a boat is push'd on cautiously by Joey, who reaches the steps and opens the door—takes out a pistol and much agitated enters, pulling the door after him.*

*Enter SEDGELY and ANNETTE.*

ANNETTE.

Oh dear father! how my heart flutters! the danger we are involv'd in appals me!

SEDGELY.

I'm all agitation! Heaven prosper the attempt.

*JOEY slowly opens the door from the inside.*

ANNETTE.

Kind-hearted Joey! support me! terror and dread o'ercome me!

D 2

SEDGELY.

SEDGELY.

I fear he is discover'd—guard him! protect him, thou all-seeing Power!

*They appear in the most tremulous state of suspense, Joey leads Edward with much caution down the steps to the boat; takes the boat-hook and pushes it off.—An alarm bell is heard—the Commandant appears at the prison door with sword drawn—Edward snatches Joey's pistol and fires, Com. falls; Centinels fire their pieces from both turrets, Annette faints in Sedgely's arms, then enter Capt. O'Leary and Patrick with musquets.*

O'LEARY,

Oh! but I'll be amongst you, for the honor of Ireland! fire away Pat.—fire away, you divel, like a red-hot salamander!—fire away!

PATRICK.

That I will, your—oh fire away! fire away.

*Both fire, Centinels drop—Edward row'd off by Joey, and O'Leary carries off Annette, follow'd by Pat. and Sedgely.*

O'LEARY.

Huzza! huzza! (*As boat is rowed off*) come along, my pretty poppet—your lover's in safety—  
my

my friend's on the right side of the post—and they'll find, now, they've taken the wrong fow by the ear.

*Exeunt.*

## SCENE CHANGES.

*Enter Characters.*

EDWARD.

My dear Annette,

ANNETTE.

My lov'd Edward! (*They embrace.*)

EDWARD.

O'Leary, I thank you—friendship too frequently hurries from the apartment adversity has taken its abode in—but your exploring care and bold integrity—

O'LEARY.

Och! we've no time to waste away in compliments! who knows what a hue and cry our poppers may have raised after us!

ANNETTE.

Joey, your kindness—

JOEY.

Don't mention it, Miss—when the bells chime in little Britain for your'n and Measter's wedding,  
let

let me but ring a peal of treble bobs there, and I'm contented.

SEDGELY.

My dear country! many a heavy sigh, has been waisted over to thy shores, let me once more behold it, and—

*Enter* SAILORS.

SAILOR.

Yeo ho! avast! I've fell in with the vessel I was cruizing after—Yeo ho! Captain! we're all ready—the wind is in the right quarter, and we've nothing to do, but weigh anchor and shoot across the Channel.

O'LEARY.

Thanks to St. Patrick, we have stumbled over a true friend at the moment we stand in need of him—we may consider ourselves now in safety, let matters turn out as dangerously cross as ever they choose—So, huzza, my honey, for true Liberty and Old England.

FINALE.

EDWARD.

Our simple tale thus ended,  
Your plaudits we'd beguile,  
Our fate awhile suspended  
Awaits your chearing smile.

CHORUS.

Our simple tale, &c.

ANNETTE

## ANNETTE.

In clouds the morn appearing  
Emits no golden ray,  
'Till Hope's bright sunshine chearing,  
Bespeaks the opening day,  
Our simple tale, &c.

## JOEY.

From home so long absented  
I'd gladly tread its shore,  
Quite happy and contented,  
To never quit it more.  
Our simple tale, &c.

## O'LEARY.

Bright honor I delight in,  
Because I've form'd this plan,  
In friendship, love, and fighting,  
'Tis honor makes the man.  
Our simple tale, &c.

T H E E N D .



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